

Where is now lydgate flouryng in sentence  
 That shold my mynde forge to endyte  
 After the termes of famous eloquence  
 And strength my penne well for to myte  
 With maters freshe of pure delyte  
 They can nothelpe me there is no remedy  
 But for to praye to god almyghty

For to dystyll the dewe of influence  
 Upon my brayn so dull and rude  
 And to enlumpn me with his sappence  
 That I my rudnes may exclude  
 And in my mater well to conclude  
 Unto thy pleasure and to the reders all  
 To whome I excuse me now in generall  
 Explicit exemplum virtutis



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There beginneth a lytel treatyse that sheweth  
how every man & woman ought  
to faste and absteyne them from flesche  
on þ Wednesday.



**¶** Sequuntur hic decem fructus & vertitates. Iesu  
niet abstinentie. quibus omnibus & singulis me  
rita. ac premia. adquiruntur eterna. prout hic cose  
quenter exarat quidam merita.

**I**nnare quidem. castigat corpora prudem  
Per quod calcatur. mundus deus & piamatur  
Cor quoq; carnale. faciet cito spūale  
Hoc opus branicū. menti dat flaminis actum  
Et veniam vere. peccata que vult abolere  
Pandere misteria. poterunt ieiunia dia  
Sternūt & fastum. faciunt hominem fore castum  
Et portas celi. referant cuiq; fidei.

**¶** The wednesdayes / astynence and holy fast  
haloweth mennes soules / & maketh theyn chaste  
In the mynde wherof / clerely shall appere  
This lytell brefe treatyse / wyten in this manere

**¶** In the worshyp of Ihu / baptyst and katheryn  
Cristofre and margarete / I make this doctryne  
Why thou shalte fast. or fleste leue  
The wednesdayes / as I shall by examples preue.  
Thyrtty and one / yf thou wylte take hede  
And this lytell booke / othe here or rede



he fyrst cause is / in þ begynnynge of lēt  
Out of þ chyrche / is put þ loy penytēt  
In token of Adam / þ lost paradys  
for etynge of an apple / of grete pryce



At houlende. L. C. yeres / after noes flood  
Was no wyne dronke. ne fleshe ete to mānes lode  
& for raynes sƿne / god cursed þ̄ lande & not the see  
Leue þ̄ fleshe the wednesday & w̄ fȳllhe fede the

Pyngge edgar / for loue of saynt katheryne  
Made festes the wednesday / with fleshe & wyne  
In a nyght to hym / a voyce was sende  
Thou fedest not me / but rather the fende

The duke of Northfolke / with his meney  
Rowed out on a tyme / & drowned were they  
All saue the lorde / and one man in faye  
That left fleshe metes / vpon the wednesdaye

Mercury is lorde / of marchauntes as I rede  
Wherfore the wednesday / they fast for good spede  
And as they do penaunce / for the worldes wele  
I counceyll do þ̄ the same / for thy soule hele

Israhell thrughe fastyng / the reed see hath passe  
And Josue the conquerour / whan that he fast  
All one daye þ̄ sonne abode / or Gabaon were slay  
Than fede the not w̄ fleshe / vpon þ̄ wednesdaye

The byshop of halomes harper / all this he spake  
That dyed longe afore / he that wyl forsake  
fleshe on the wednesday / shall haue rest and Jop  
And for frydayes souper / shall syng wele away

Moyles fast to take the lawe/and so dyde helys  
That in a fyre chare/was lyft to paradys  
Than leue þ flesche the wednesdage/ & on it thynke  
Though þ haue but lytel more/ than brede & dryke

Pyngge Dauid fast for mercy/ mynyue dyde þ same  
And had forgyft of synne / þ vengeaunce hy byname  
Than abstepne the ofte/ thus sayth saynte Austyn  
He that seruech glotony/ is prompt to enery synne

Danyell fasted/ and sawe the preuyters of heuen  
And thrugh þ myght of god/ ouercame lyons. vii.  
Than fast þ whyle þ mayst/ to be clene fro synne  
for þ ne wotest day ne houre/ whā þ shalt go byne

Belyde porke a wyfe/ this fastynge toke  
To breed and water/ and ones it broke  
A fayre chylde her mette/ repiounge her sore  
Chargynge her beware/ and do so no more

As blyssed Bede/ telleth in his boke  
Saynt nectan on a wednesdage. for esche of a doke  
Was beten in his dreame/ full sore of a chylde  
That a moneth in his shynne þ strokes he felt wyl  
/de

A nother cause I fynde/ þ on a wednesdage  
Judas ymagyned/ our lord to bytraye  
And hym to deeth do/ as a seruaunt moost yll  
Therefore on þ wednesdage/ somwhat leue thy wyl



xl. dayes Cryste fasted/everlastyng prest & kynge  
Wherby his shepe sperpled/ to folde he gan bryge  
And overcame þe deuyll/ þe dampned is for ever  
Than of fastyng take hede/ & lustes loue þe neuer

ferthermore to the decre/ I praye that thou go  
And rede de esu carnium: in capitulo.  
Where he sayth the wednesdaye/ the frydaye also.  
Sholde be truely fasted to kepe men fro wo

In vicas patrum the/ who so wyl take hede  
The frydaye to fast/ þe wednesdaye to absteyne  
from fleshe and fatte metes/ is was decreed  
To obserue and kepe/ vpon a certayne payne

Saynt Nicholas a chyld/ bothe holy and meke  
The wednesdaye and frydaye/ but ones he seke  
His moders brestes/ but than he wolde them spare  
The holy goost hy taught/ thā leue thy lustes fare

In Irelande I rede/ of a full grete wonder  
A quarrey was fall/ and a man laye there vnder.  
And was there fyue dayes/ and at last was shryue  
for he dyd on wednesday: for bere flesch al his lyue

ther was a ship of dartmouth: sayl yng to saynt iame  
They cast out a deed mā/ thā came agayn þe same  
& foude þe body vpo þe strōde / þe ouer borde was cast  
That spake & had his rightes/ for wednesday fast

There was a shyp of .lxxx. called þe george of lync  
In whome there was truly / more then .L.xl. men  
And all were drowned / and spyled saue twaye  
That ate no fleshe / on the wednesdaye

Our lord at his feest / blyssed brede and fyssh  
H.M. men he fedde / and there was no fleshe  
Than whan thou soupest / fyssh loke thou vñ  
And whyte mete at thy borde / þe shalt not refuse

The wednesdai in þe olde lawe / was fasted truly  
For the better helthe / bodely and goostly  
Than vñ þe no fat meetes / þe dave in thy dyshe  
Though þe make .ij. meles / etc whyte mete or fyssh

Vnder a castell wall / there was founde a man  
L.yere .c.l. in the duchy of Wyche  
Thysle wordes he spake / for the wednesdai  
Untyll I haue a preest / I shall neuer deye

In a wednesdai forsothe / as I tell it you  
He began his fastynge / our lord Ihesu  
Than do þe þe same / I counceyll the & praye  
All maner fatte metes / leue þe the wednesdai

Vñ byde byrystowe I fynde / þe there was a man  
Whiche for faute of riches / banned hym to sathan  
He tumbled ouer a clyffe / his body all to brake  
yet he had his ryghtes / for wednesdaiys sake



The wednesday I rede/crist heled a man  
Of the fallynge euill/and he sayd than  
That prayer and fastynge/take this in mynde  
Sholde hele þ syneneste, and a voyde þ fende

At the batayll of durham/I rede there was a hede  
fyfty yere vnder erthe/that laye so longe deed  
A squyer herde a voyce/þ rode the water by  
for wednesdaies fast/after a preest I crye

for helthe of the soule/all this is spoke  
Now for the body/a medycyne thou loke  
As Galpen the leche/sayth chaunge thy mele  
And truely thy stomake/shall haue þ better hele

There was in dorset/a grete meruayll to here  
On a wednesday/was layde a capon to the fyre  
Thre houres and more/and euer he was rawe  
Than leue þ flesche þ daye/for reasons þ I shewe

There was a man of lawe/beside wodestoke  
That fell from his horse/his necke was to broke  
for he fasted the wednesdaye/euer spake the heed  
Vnto I haue a preest/shall I neuer be deed

In the worthyp of god/and saynt katheryn  
Margarete and cristofre/þf thou the abstayne  
for flesche on þ wednesdaye/þ for Johan baptyst  
Thou shalt not lacke: at thyn ende to haue a preest

The wednesday the charge and our fathers afore  
forloke fleshe/and some dyde moche more  
fasted to one meale/theyr soules to saue  
And the kyngdome of heuen/therather to haue  
The whiche he vs graunte/that hanged on þe rode  
Cryste that vs bought/wich his precious blode

A M E N





Nico: Atkinson

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The Rote or myrrour of consolacyon & conforthe



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